

Journal of The American Institute of ARCHITECTS



SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

October, 1951

Architectural Mother Goose

What Buildings to See

The Flexible Building

Arkhi-téktōn

The Artist's Legacy

Houses for Russians

Design for Living—II

35c

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Cover Portrait: Sir John Vanbrugh, 1664-1726

Mother Goose Panels in tile and stained glass, Penn-
Valley School, Narbeth, Pa.
Walter T. Karcher and Livingston Smith, Architects

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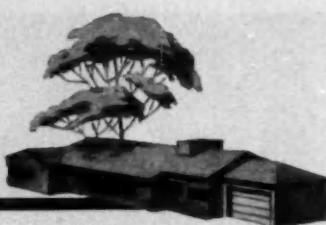
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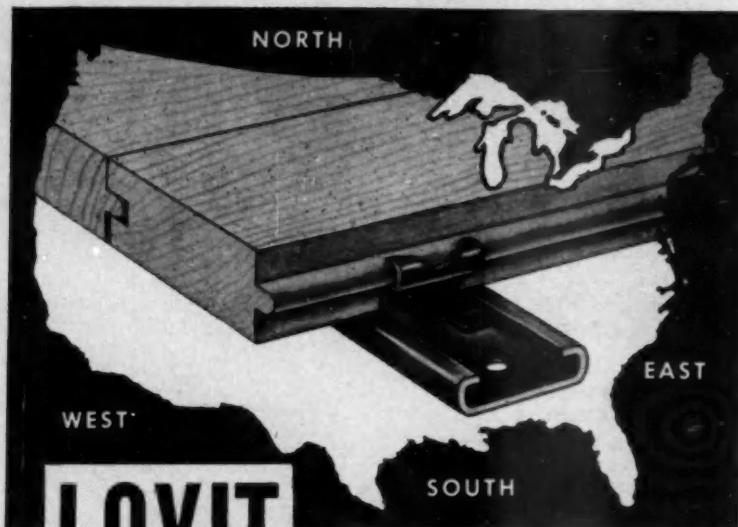
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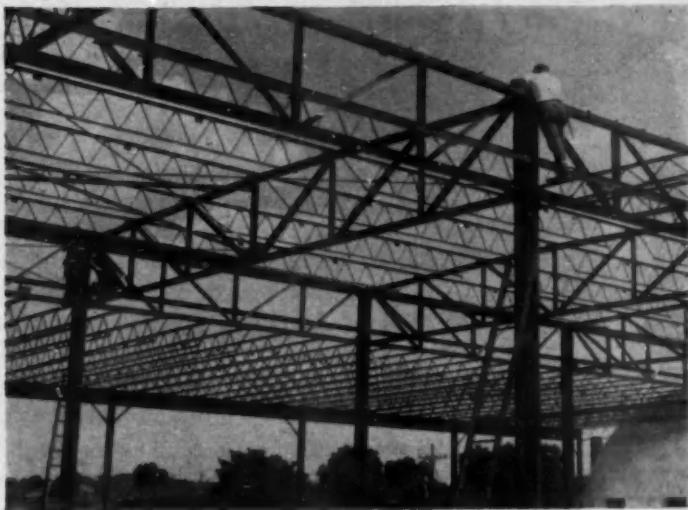
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Arkhi-téktōn

By James Walter Fitzgibbon

"The revolution is over"—The President, The American Institute of Architects, Building, May 1951, page 28

ONE ASSERTION the architect can hold against all disclaimers: His ancestors left the clearest, most evident records of the sort of men they were. And pretty fine records they are. Monuments and achievements descriptive of great men busy with great ideas. The architect, in fact, comes off very well in review. His building has been in the nature of contribution to the highest aspirations of his fellow humans and his efforts have been almost always positive in the search for truth and beauty and dignity.

Notable in this ancestral procession is the consistent position maintained by the architect as Arkhi-tekton, or Master Builder. Always the Master Builder, the best builder of his culture or of his age. No one built anything better than these old gentlemen built buildings. They produced the finest art-facts of their time. No one designed or made anything better than they designed and made buildings. They employed the best avail-

able techniques and know-how, they made the advances in experimental and applied technology, they marshalled the material resources of the culture, and they commanded the finest craftsmen of their day in building buildings. Old Arkhi-tekton building was always a stirring and historical event.

By aspiration and definition the architect today is claimant as his rightful heir and legatee. Does anyone care to step forward and press the claim? Does anyone wish to insist and prove that architect, twentieth century, is undisputed Master Builder, Twentieth Century; that Arkhi-tekton is presently alive and active in the role of architect?—AIA, CIAM, RIBA, DPGF, Swiss, American Traditional, Modern, or Neutral?

It is of course possible that architect and Master Builder are one and the same today, but there is at hand an outsize mass of evidence to dispute any such contention. On all sides there are indications and

examples of a growing number of men, neither architects nor trained as architects, who are building rings around him; who are building things more complex and demanding than a building; who are building with such undeniable skill, integrity, acumen and effectiveness that the architect's ability to assert his ancient rights, positions and exemptions is in serious doubt. These not-architectural achievements have been for the most part in direct relationship to steady advances in applied and experimental technologies. Contrariwise, there is the strong evidence that in this century the architect's relationship to such technological development has been almost entirely peripheral and haphazard, if not directly antagonistic. His building methods are still dominated by handcraft techniques and attitudes. His design ideas are keyed to standards of attainment not even approaching the minimum standards of the enlarging group of not-architectural designers and makers. His buildings show these indifferent characteristics. And worst of all, the craftsmen have deserted him. What architects today build buildings that are better designed, more skillfully contrived, better integrated, more efficiently disposed,

and more accurately and carefully constructed than a ship? Or a good bridge? Or an aircraft? Or a fine motor vehicle? In no sense is it intended to convey the notion that the subjective qualities of a building are not of the highest importance. A building is not an immobile ship, or a stationary aircraft, or a bridge. But ship, aircraft and bridge each represent a design-constructional achievement by men using intellect, imagination, and the materials available to them. As such, each in its own right is worthy of comparison to that other design-constructional achievement, the building; and effective judgment may be made regarding the degree of excellence obtaining in each instance.

The saga of the craftsmen is another sobering telltale. Craftsmanship follows a kind of Gresham's Law. Poor technology drives out good craftsmen. The record, in spite of persistent obituary notices, shows neither the death or even the dearth of good craftsmen. They have just shifted away from building buildings into better technological areas. Shipbuilding, auto building, aircraft, machine tools, dies, patterns, and electronic equipment making. This is probably the age of the finest

craftsmen the world has ever known, but they no longer have anything to do with building buildings. This has been going on for decades, and is only a further indication that the other evidence is reliable and that the decline of the architect as Master Builder is clinically detectable at an advanced stage.

Today's buildings are not our best construction, and in some fashion Arkhi-tekton has been slipped out of the picture and architect is presently in the position of being something less than Best Builder, Twentieth Century.

BRICK

If architect is to regain his right to the title Arkhi-tekton and is to re-establish his claim to Master Builder ancestry, the energy and direction for such revivification must come from the architectural profession as a whole body. This presents a difficulty. The architectural body-professional has been momentarily, the past thirty to fifty years, split into two factions. One the Traditionalists, generally though not exclusively the older men in the profession; the other the Modernists, generally the younger men in point of years. Their dispute has been vigorously

agitated for several decades with feelings strong on both sides, and it is hard to imagine that agreement, sufficient to successfully manage the difficult work of regaining the architects' position as Master Builder, is possible between them. However, hope for the future does lie in the curious and little-noted fact that the differences between the two embattled groups show on inspection to be more apparent than real. The distinctions fuzz out under scrutiny, and certain unmistakable signs point toward the probability that in the final analysis the two groups are really only one group.

In examining the two factions for marks and signs of their group affiliations, differences and similarities appear, and it becomes evident that accurate individual distinctions are, on many standards, quite impossible. Members of both groups are indistinguishable in terms of dress, sincerity, high purpose, education, enthusiasm, or cultural attainments. Nor are there appreciable differences to be noted in kind or extent of practice, fees charged, client preferences, or general office procedures employed. Neither Modernists or Traditionalists hold important monopolies on any particular kind of building,

and both groups share common concerns for ethical practice, high building costs, and ways and means of making their service potential known to the community.

Differences are most strictly maintained in two areas. Each side insists on certain esoteric criteria. Shibboleths apply to philosophical ideas, concepts of space perception, materials selection and application, structural expression, biological correspondence and correlation, and sources of design influence. These are in turn wholly condemned by the other group. Secondly, certain superficial manifestations obtain; these differ with each group and can be noted in buildings designed and built today. These manifestations are well known and need not be fully catalogued. In particular, certain relationships of glass area to solid wall, patterns of roof pitches and overhangs (except in non-residential work), and distinguishable modes of structure expression are recognizable as from the hand of Modernist or Traditionalist. Along with these a multitude of minor detail usages are favored or shunned by practitioners of both persuasions for varied reasons, such as being pure, not pure, correct, in taste, in keeping, moral, and

even sometimes as evidence of the architect's freedom to practise his profession. When all these similarities and differences are observed, one outstanding and little-noted fact remains to be accounted for. Both groups are engaged in building the same sort of building. The members on each side, however radical or traditional, are actually contriving an architectural result by piling up masonry, with or without a supporting steel cage, arranging openings for sash or sheet glass, and ordering the installation of varying quantities of mechanical equipment. This remarkable sameness is easily seen upon an inspection of buildings extant by architects prominent on both sides, viz. Messrs. H. Bacon, Corbusier, Goodhue, Mies van der Rohe, Walker, et al. Such evidence is amplified by noting that masonry piling has been essentially the history of architecture. In fact, recalling the addition of steel bracing cages and mechanical items (plumbing, elevators, etc.), as they were invented, and taking into account period preferences in trim, glass areas, and detail, the History of Architecture from time out of memory to 1951 is mainly the story of brick or stone construction. Some, indeed much of it,

old and new, very beautiful and stirring and grand. The new, however, has been built under circumstances unknown and unavailable to the old. It must be seen in context with a different technological history, a history that is forwarding the suggestion that the venerable masonry tradition in architecture is just about *hors de combat*.

The architect is still in the grip of the anachronism. He has been faithful beyond question to the masonry tradition, and it will leave its mark on the newest architect graduating. This young man will be sorted out, whether he wants to be or not, as a member of one side or the other in the professional debate. He will modulate many brick piles during his life and career as an architect. If he piles his brick differently from some of his fellows, or uses a large rectangular module, or a cookie-cutter shape for his plans, or leaves oversize holes for glass, he will be known as a Modernist and a radical, and certain of his fellow professionals will warn against him. If he piles his brick in some time-hallowed manner and looks to an older precedent for his module, and leaves only small holes for glass, he will be known as a Tra-

ditionalist and reactionary, and certain of his fellow professionals will warn against him.

A curious brick ballet:

Pile one, throw one, duck. Pile one, throw one, duck.

Isn't it possible that all this brick piling is only getting the architect mixed up? Fellow professionals are out of sorts with one another. Superficialities are being mistaken for fundamentals; and worse, somewhere under the brick piles he has buried his status as Arkhi-tekton.

Masonry by nature is a heavy agglomerate, and being heavy is earthbound, static forever. Down-pressing, massive, weighty, crushing, ponderous—however much steel caging is added to push it vertically. Masonry is solid, and durable and readily available. All these are marks of its value and use as the traditional building material. But it is completely a hand-craft material and it has a negative polarity deriving precisely from this characteristic. It lies immobile across the body of the practice of architecture. This without discrediting the brick or stone—is the millstone reprehensible for drowning the man? Masonry will always be used in architecture, but it is presently a dragging anchor, and

the architect relying on masonry as a do-all for his art and craft is treating non-masonry technology as superficial addenda—a mistake that is not being made in other design-constructional fields today.

Architecture is not subservient to technique or technology. Neither can it be said to be free to ignore them. Technology, in a crude estimate, represents a record of methods men have developed to do and make through ever-improving understanding and manipulation. Architecture starts as a making and an understanding, and proceeds further to use and influence. It has represented at its best a mastery of available know-how, and an inspiring integration of imagination and technology, and sensitivity, and intelligence. These would all seem necessary ingredients.

But the architect, Modern or Traditional, and the technology of today are obvious strangers. He has, with few exceptions, been exclusively concerned with his ponderous, historically tethered structures, to the neglect and utter contradiction of the existing and developing technical know-how now being applied to all other constructions. He has paid little heed to

the structural-assembly efficiency achievements now commonplace in all building except the building of buildings. The distinct trend in other fields towards ever lighter structures, ever more efficient uses of materials, and the ever-enlarging understanding of new forms based on increased strengths and adjustments of shape and material to the job to be done—all this has disturbed the architect not one bit.

The architect has apparently established himself as a front-line fighter against envelopment by the abstract enemy, Machine. His concern lest mankind be dehumanized is admirable and important; but his methods seem less than effective. One could safely bet the rent money on the proposition that the machine is here to stay. It rather looks like a case of having to join them to beat them. How else can such a problem be solved; how can human beings learn to control the machine for their own proper ends if the sentient, humanizing influence of the body-architectural is withheld from the effort?

Of all the creative groups of men organized and trained and talented to build for the varying purposes of mankind, the architect stands alone in this twentieth century in his undeviating loyalty and

his almost unquestioning use of masonry as his prime building material; and also alone in his bewildering ability and willingness to defend his method of masonry piling as philosophically, ethically, and even morally right to the exclusion and damnation of all other masonry piling employed by his fellows.

Is it strange then that this over-earnest devotion to the dying Cult of Compression is serving to separate the architect from the technological faculties that are properly his? That it is keeping him from realizing that he is intellectually and practically in arrears? That he is being prevented from taking stock of his real position and his real potential as sentient Master Builder to modern man in his awful struggle to perfect himself? Can he continue seriously to believe that he can Master Build in this time with a brick, however artfully he piles it? Can he really believe that the revolution is over? The shooting so far seems to have all been in the rain barrel.

ARKHI-TEKTON REVISITED

Much of this argument can be resisted on the grounds that it is impractical; impractical in the sense that the architect is not en-

tirely free to build as he might wish, or could teach himself, to build. He cannot build better than his client will let him build. He cannot, overnight, void existing building codes, and antiquated and restrictive techniques. He cannot experiment with his client's money. His financial sources lay restrictive burdens on his design freedom. His experience points out that logic, reason, and even first-rate techniques are not conclusive over prejudice, sentiment and well worn ruts.

Again in terms of technology, is it reasonable to expect to raise up the architect as a superman? Who can hope to command totally the technical skills necessary to produce a building today? Is it possible, with ramifications extending into almost every field of activity, from planning, politics, finance, and applied psychology to structural design, lighting, climate control and esthetic philosophy? Is it possible for a single man to master these innumerable abilities when it is difficult enough just to keep informed on new developments?

These are, none of them, new questions or problems. Architects have been debating them in one context or another for years.

However, the decline of the architect's status as Master Builder, and the evidence of common plight, prompt the conclusion that the architects could well decide to close ranks and earnestly assess the situation with a view to solution of the obstacle problems on whatever practical basis may be necessary—practical, in the sense that the solutions are unlikely to be found in terms of cataclysmic change, but rather in the evolutionary processes that begin when a problem and a goal can be well defined.

Both Traditionalist and Modernist present momentarily a contradictory position to such a solution. They are, many of them, facing wrong way to the scene of the developing struggle. The Traditionalist is busy grappling for the throats of some pals he thinks inimical to his own devotion to architecture, past, present, and future. His pals, the Modernists, confident of youth and zeal and not much worried by the Traditionalists, are gathered in a happy huddle admiring and explaining the good work they are each getting out of the old brick pile. Even so, certain worth-while developments

have been fostered by the debate. Both sides have gone through a soul crisis, and many restrictive notions and fetishes that burdened architecture in the recent past have been cleared away. Again, public awareness of architecture and the architect has been stimulated. All these, however, are only short-term gains so long as the wrong-way look persists. The result of hesitancy to face squarely the problem of the architects' reunion with technological realities can only be a fruitless continuance of present efforts to bandage up the old, tired, masonry heap with all the new industrial products: more plastics, more light metal detail, more gleepsite, more of everything except the hard thinking necessary to rescue building-making from its present low estate.

And why not a truce, even at this late date? Could the profession close ranks and see about getting off the brick pile? Could architects, in unison, set out to discover the real potential of their genius and their ability in the twentieth century? Is it even possible that Arkhi-tekton could be revived? Or would this sort of thing spoil all the fun?



The Artist's Legacy

By Zoltan Sepeshy

DIRECTOR, CRANBROOK ACADEMY OF ART

Reprinted by permission from *College Art Journal*, the issue
of Summer, 1951

ONCE there lived a little man who did not have a beautiful studio with a perfect north light made of factory sash. He worked in the caves and forests. He made his own pots and bowls and his own furnishings when he needed them. Later he built houses for himself and then many other houses and even cities. He cut up his own tiger skins to wear, and joined the pieces together with thorns and bones. He and his fellow creatures belonged to only one club; in fact each carried his own.

There is no evidence that he had a spoken language nor that he had a name, nor yet that he cared whether or not he had a name with which to sign his goods. He did not work for credits nor degrees, because he didn't go to a school—let alone an art school. He did not read volumes of books and magazines on the psychology and social significance of art or the quintessence-of-form. He did not

believe that the way he was doing whatever he was doing was the only way to do it, or that what he was doing was the greatest thing on earth. He had no art dealers and experts to explain to him the meaning of what he was doing. He did not keep one eye on the columns of reviewers and critics while keeping the other on his work. He did not send his wares to art museums to be scrutinized by objectionable juries and selected for exhibitions. He never won a prize. He had no idea of prizes, and he didn't care. There was no conceit about him and he had profound respect and love for his tools and materials. There is abundant evidence that he was a very humble man. He did what he did because he felt an irrepressible need for doing it.

This man was an artist who left all of us a great legacy—the legacy of keeping both eyes on the work, the legacy of profound sincerity,

honesty, and a humble respect for tools and materials. He left us the legacy of an ability to recognize without pomposness and fear the next man's achievements. His work survived as one of the greatest that men and artists have ever done. It survived, we are told, for 25,000 to 50,000 years, not because this man multiplied himself by 100,000-fold or because his life got so beautifully complicated and is now explained through his ethnic derivations, his repressions and compensations, but because he did what he did with his complete entity. He survived because he refused to stand still and succumb to the boredom of changelessness, because he felt that nothing big and

beautiful can ever happen without that restless change.

He might be one or two or all of us, but he will never be one single one if we believe that our creative quest ends at institutional gates, in the safety of a departmental position or a lush commercial or industrial job—or just the ability to talk glibly. This may sound obvious or bromidic, but if we survey the time-table of centuries there was not one single great creative man who ever did anything important unless he adhered to these principles. No amount of propaganda will ever invalidate a great and significant creation and no amount of propaganda will validate a mediocre one.

Houses for Russians

Reprinted by permission from *The Economist*, issue of July 28, 1951

As argument goes on in the Western World about the adjustment of domestic policies to defense requirements, it is often forgotten that the Soviet Union, for two periods of the last twenty years, has had to deal with just these difficulties. Before the war there was the period of preparation against the armies of Hitler; after it there was the period of main-

taining a high level of armaments—but not a full war economy—with which to maintain and exploit the international situation created by the defeat of Germany and Japan, the weakness of Europe, and the disarmament of the United States and Britain. To the planner in Moscow, therefore, the idea of semi-war economy, whether it be three-quarters peace or three-quar-

ters war, is familiar; and much that has been done and said in the Soviet Union throws light on his handling of the problems. Detailed judgments are, of course, impossible, owing to the care with which only limited economic information is released; but it is possible both to detect symptoms and to pin down facts from some sectors of the Soviet economy. Information is seldom easily obtained about those economic activities that are going badly; that is to say, obviously falling short of the expectations either of the planners or of the Russian consumer. But it becomes necessary from time to time to put the whole weight of the Communist party behind a campaign of production, or to give some airing to complaints and criticisms that are known to be justified and widespread. Only then is it clearly revealed how the planners of the Soviet Union deal with conflicting priorities and how the consumer in the Soviet Union has seen—and still sees—his hopes and claims giving place to the demands of heavy industry, raw material production and investment in transport, and what are called "Great Construction Projects."

Such a piecemeal revelation has occurred in recent months in the

case of housing, a sector of the economy in which the needs of the consumer in their most primitive form and the demands of heavy industry are most clearly in conflict. Shortage of houses is, of course, a seamy side of rapid industrialization that is inevitable even in a world at peace, and in the Soviet Union it has been a permanent headache to planners. There are signs that the shortage has now become particularly acute; that is to say, more publicity has been given to it in the Soviet press than is usual with defects in the Soviet economy. First it was learnt that in the last five years rural housing had been sacrificed for the sake of urban building and, therefore, failed to reach the planned figure. Now it is known that urban building, too, had to be curtailed and in the first quarter of this year fell short of the planned amount. There are many reports in the Soviet press of "squatters," and numerous attacks on the town planners, accusing them of constructing small houses in the suburbs instead of big buildings in the center. A recent issue of *Pravda* said that in Stalingrad, a city that gets particular attention, "industrial establishments have been entirely rebuilt, while house building is on a large

scale." To the initiated this reads: "factories are working again at full pressure, but housing conditions are gravely disturbing."

The task which faced the Soviet building industry after the war was indeed tremendous. Even without the destruction caused by the war, it was extremely difficult to keep pace with the growth of the urban population caused by industrial development. From 1926 to 1939 the town population grew from 26 million to nearly 56 million, and from less than 18 to nearly 33 per cent of the total. The pace slackened during the war, but it has picked up somewhat since then, and the urban population now greatly exceeds 70 million and accounts for much more than one-third of the total. Thus, in the last quarter of a century, room had to be found for nearly 50 million new town-dwellers. New towns were built always with the same order of priority; first, workers living in barracks erected factories, and only then did they build houses to live in.

In this way there sprang up Magnitogorsk in the Urals, Komsomolsk in the Far East and Karaganda in Kazakhstan—towns which were not yet on the map before the Revolution. In addi-

tion to the bigger towns, smaller workers' settlements were erected consisting of a thousand or more wooden houses, and these are so far more numerous than the towns proper. The older towns, too, grew up in great strides. In Moscow, for instance, the population rose from 2,029,000 in 1926 to 4,137,000 in 1939 and 5,050,000 in 1950. In the same period the population of Baku was almost doubled, rising from 453,000 in 1926 to 850,000 in 1950; and the inhabitants of Kuibyshev increased from 175,000 to 600,000.

Such pressure of population would have been a nightmare for any town planners, especially as they had to compete for scarce resources with equally harassed planners in other branches of the economy. Yet, in 1945, they had in addition the equally gigantic task of reconstruction in the western regions ravaged by the war. The residential districts of Stalingrad, Smolensk, Voronej and other towns had been completely destroyed, those of Leningrad, Kiev or Kharkov scarcely less so. According to Soviet statistics 1,700 towns and workers' settlements had been reduced to ruins. Out of the 100 million square meters of floor space which were to be restored or

built in the towns during the Five Year Plan (1946-50), some 60 per cent were needed to rehouse the victims of the war in the west. The plan, it is claimed, has been somewhat overfulfilled; but even so it does not leave more than 4 square yards—that is, six feet by six feet—per head of new town-dweller, which is certainly very little indeed. (In Britain, 900 square feet is allowed for a standard one-family subsidized house.) Yet even this was achieved only by the sacrifice of rural building. When, in 1949, in view of the tense international situation, the Soviet rulers decided to step up the production plan for heavy industry, it was clear that consumers' goods industries and housing would be the chief sufferers; and it was housing in the rural areas that first felt the axe. By the end of the plan period only 2,700,000 rural dwellings had been built or restored, or one-fifth less than the 3,400,000 dwellings which were to have been erected by 1950.

Towns were given priority over the countryside because it was necessary to house the industrial workers. Now, with the inexorable logic of scarcity, the planned dormitory areas of towns are being

sacrificed for the sake of factory building, and urban housing is falling short of the already inadequate figures of the plan. This must create much discontent among town workers, and the Soviet rulers, to anticipate further trouble, seem to have decided to bring the matter into the open and put a great part of the blame on incompetence. The Ministry of the Building Materials Industry and its head, M. Yudin, were chosen as scapegoats. Not only is his Ministry being rendered responsible for all the usual defects of hasty construction, but it is also strongly attacked for supplying in the first quarter of this year only one-third of the building materials for housing which it was to provide under the plan. Such a failure can hardly be wholly the result of incompetence; it must form part of a general policy of putting factories before houses.

Thus the second line of attack, directed at town planners, seems more logical. Since resources are and will remain scarce, they must be used in the most economical ways; big blocks of flats should be built, and they should be erected in the center of towns so as to shorten the range of roads and sewage mains required. The re-

cently constituted all-Soviet Housing Committee points out accusingly that in most towns the opposite policy has been followed. Thus, to quote but a few examples, in Kuibyshev and in the center of the car industry at Gorki, small houses accounted for over 95 per cent of the buildings erected during the last three years. In the tractor-producing Cheliabinsk in the Urals, and in the oil-refining town of Jaroslavl, nearly all the houses were built in the suburbs. Both planners and inhabitants are equally to blame, it is argued, and the whole policy must be quickly reversed. It probably will be. Even so, however, and despite the apparent achievement in building techniques and in mass production of standard parts to be assembled on the site, the housing position is likely to remain painful and even to deteriorate as long as the Soviet view of the international situation is such that heavy industry must have first call on the resources of the country.

The present housing situation is certainly bad, even appalling by western standards. The Soviet press admits that in new houses small rooms are allocated grudgingly according to a metric quota of

floor space. Bureaucrats and privileged shock-workers are given priority. In the older houses with five-room flats, five families in a flat is the rule rather than the exception. Western standards, however, should not be rigidly applied, for living conditions in Eastern Europe were never comparable with those of Western Europe, let alone of England. Electric light and a good water and sewage system were often luxuries even in towns like Lodz, the Manchester of Poland. At least all the towns in the Soviet Union now have electricity and this is, indeed, something for a Russian *mujik* turned town-dweller. Yet, even this patient new townsman, who may in his youth have experienced the squalor of housing in the Russian countryside, is capable of becoming restless in the long run. This is probably the reason why the Soviet headquarters has now sounded the alarm on the housing front. It is, however, unlikely to throw any new forces into the battle. The five housewives sharing a kitchen stove may well ponder on the fact that, paradoxically enough, this overcrowding is one of the penalties the Russians are paying for belonging to a nation that is a great international power. How great the

penalties are likely to remain cannot be judged until more is known of the objectives of Soviet planners for the future; at the moment no plan for 1951 has been published and there is no sign of the next five-year plan. It may well be that the decision to move closer to

a state of full war economy has not yet been taken and that Moscow is content for the time being with a state of affairs in which defense expenditure is about half-way between the level of the peaceful early thirties and that of full preparation for war with Germany.



What Buildings to See

More and more frequently The Octagon staff hears a puzzling request: Architects from abroad, visiting this country, ask what ten buildings, erected since World War II, should be visited in the search for outstanding examples of what U. S. A. architects are doing. To share the responsibility of answering this \$64 question we shall print, from month to month, the opinions of Institute members whose observations may range between statewide and nation-wide limits. Your own considered recommendations will be welcome. Last month President Stanton and Russell T. Pancoast, F.A.I.A., expressed their opinions. This month First Vice President Wischmeyer and Eero Saarinen enter their respective answers, covering a wide geographical range.

Kenneth E. Wischmeyer
St. Louis, Mo.

1. Boston: Eastgate Apartments
*Brown, Koch, Kennedy,
De Mars, Rapson*
2. New York: Fresh Meadows
*Voorhees, Walker, Foley &
Smith*
3. Chicago: Schools
Perkins & Will
4. Racine: Johnson Wax Building
Frank Lloyd Wright

5. Des Moines: Public Museum
Eliel & Eero Saarinen
6. St. Louis: B'Nai Amoona Synagogue
Eric Mendelsohn
7. Houston: Foley's
Raymond Loewy
8. San Francisco: Maimonides Health Center
Eric Mendelsohn
9. San Francisco: Schools in the Bay Area
John Lyon Reid

10. Portland: Residences and
Churches

Pietro Belluschi

Eero Saarinen

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

I assume that the purpose of traveling and looking at architecture is not so much in order to learn about the United States as it is to intensify one's enthusiasm for one's profession.

First, I would go to Chicago and look at (1) Mies van der Rohe's Illinois Tech campus, and (2) his new apartment buildings on the North Side.

(3) I would go to Racine and look at Frank Lloyd Wright's Johnson Wax Tower. It may not be the most important building he has done, but it is wonderful to know that an architect over 80 years old can produce something so full of spirit.

(4) I would go to San Antonio, Tex., and see O'Neil Ford's Trinity College buildings. The new lift-up slab construction (the

Slick-Youtz system) is the most terrific thing that has happened in construction methods.

(5) From there I would go to Los Angeles and see Charles Eames' house. It is like a spider-web filled in with planes floating in space. It is an almost completely "dematerialized" space, beautifully detailed.

(6) Then I would go somewhere in Oregon and see one of Belluschi's best houses—I don't know just which one. He uses wood beautifully, and I think has caught the spirit of a region well.

(7) From there I would go to Detroit and look at our General Motors Technical Center. I think it will be a contribution to architecture for an industrial era.

(8) I would see Philip Johnson's house in New Canaan, Conn.

(9) I would see the Aalto dormitory at M. I. T., Cambridge, Mass.

(10) Last, but not least, I would visit the United Nations Secretariat building in New York City.

News from the Educational Field

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA announces the availability of several research assistantships for students holding undergraduate degrees in architecture, landscape ar-

chitecture or graphic arts, and who are interested in seeking a master's degree in the Department of City and Regional Planning. Further details may be had from John A.

Parker, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. Formal

applications must be received before November 1.



... To See Ourselves . . .

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By Frank H. Hill, Jr.

Excerpts from a report to the B.A.I.D. Committee on Scholarships from the 1949 Lloyd Warren Scholar (36th Paris Prize in Architecture). Mr. Hill studied at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, won the Paris Prize while at the Graduate School of Princeton, completed a visit abroad last fall, and has recently returned from six months of travel in Mexico and the U. S. A.

In the September JOURNAL Mr. Hill told of a visit to Taliesin West, thence to the Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, and Los Angeles where he visited Neutra's house for Dr. Lorell and the Warner Brothers' Lot.

Los ANGELES, though unfruitful on the whole, offers individual examples worthy of note. We called on John Entenza, Editor of *Arts and Architecture*, who is just settling down in his new Saarinen-Eames house. A beautiful place, and with Charles Eames' startling new house next door. The two houses are set high on a bluff overlooking the Pacific, exquisitely landscaped, with most attention given to the fine view. Mr. Entenza had much to say about the state of architecture today, mostly

unsympathetic I might add, but he has great optimism for the future. He is particularly enthusiastic about what is going on in the West Coast area. About his own well-publicized house he's both enthusiastic and disturbed—enthusiastic about its fitness to his own very personal way of living, and disturbed because his glass facade attracts the curious, who leave nose prints that have to be removed and otherwise variously disturb his privacy!

We saw much of Frank Lloyd Wright's work—the early block houses and the newer bold cantilevers; an excellent housing development by Quincy Jones on a hillside in which chalet-like gables are built into the hillside, Swiss-like, but with glass fronts beneath and

very carefully studied color schemes; most of Neutra's recent work; and the shining new Prudential Building downtown.

On the way to San Francisco we dropped by for a chat with Mr. Thompson, head of the architectural school at Stanford. The School has been in operation for only two years, and they are wisely limiting their enrollment, due to lack of space. Ernest Kump and Henry Hill are lined up as critics—in time the school should produce good results. While in Palo Alto we looked at Midglen, a residence done collaboratively by four Wright apprentices. It is one of the most imaginative houses I've ever seen, even eclipsing much of their master's own work. Basically it is glass, reinforced concrete blocks, and cantilevers. The blocks were designed and manufactured on the site, some pierced with amber-glass perforations to provide decorative lights throughout the building. Others were glazed ceramically for the bathroom, and still others used for fire and hearth blocks. Large glass areas enclose an open garden within the building and it is used, strangely enough, as an entrance! One of the apprentices, William Patrick, who lives in the house, took

us nearby to the foundations of a house he had designed and was in the process of building for some client. It is full of hexagons and the like. The most amazing thing to me was the enthusiasm of Patrick—it had become so contagious that his client was on the job himself mixing mortar and pushing wheelbarrows! A most unique architect-contractor-client relationship.

San Francisco fully lives up to its advance billing. I expected something fascinating, and it surely was. The views, the white Victorian houses, the superb relationship between land and water, make it a city of distinction. I've never heard any comment on its approach from the south. Imagine coming into a city this size, completely free of advertisements, used-car lots, gasoline stations, and even traffic lights. The route is over the delightful Skyline Highway.

Two friends (both architects) took good care of us here. One is with John Reid, and I happened to be around on the very day Mr. Reid granted his office staff its annual day off to go look at all the work done by the firm for the year gone by. The work is scattered over three counties, and I would have had an impossible task of it on

my own, so I was lucky to get in on the show. Mr. Reid came along, acting as a sort of master of ceremonies, adding much to the story behind the designs. He does mostly schools, so after a day with this tour, I feel I know quite a good deal more about California schools than previously.

Besides seeing San Francisco thoroughly (and liking especially Eric Mendelsohn's new hospital and Gardner Dailey's Red Cross Building) we made the rounds of Marin County, the natural habitat of that style called "Bay Region." Why is it frowned on so? For this particular locale, the houses we saw are very excellently suited, reflecting the quiet sobriety of the green hills. Woods are used extensively, though not with the care and fine craftsmanship later seen in the Pacific Northwest.

Fortunately the sun was out in full force while we were in San Francisco, spring gently making itself felt. Each time we scaled a high point we were rewarded with a perfect view. The best of all was a sunset from atop a high hill north of the Golden Gate Bridge—a 360-degree panorama from one spot. It was the most extraordinary single sight of my whole trip.

Briefly, for the remainder:

I liked Portland, particularly the handsome wood houses of Belluschi. They all show splendid craftsmanship. The little church of St. Thomas More is a gem. It has the most charming scale since the little Byzantine churches in Athens—and here it was completely surprising, as the photographs I had seen previously had always carefully left out such scale aids as human beings.

Spent several days in Seattle. The most remarkable thing there is the little theater-in-the-round (one of the very few I know of, specially designed as a building for this particular purpose) at the University of Washington. The stage is depressed in the center, surrounded by three rows of spectators, and during a performance the actors use the same aisles as the spectators. A performance of "Life With Mother" was in progress—for this type of theater, a most unlikely type of play. I took a seat in the front row. Not the least of my objections was my proximity to the family breakfast table, having to suffer equally with Clarence, Father's devastating blasts!

Otherwise Seattle is rather dis-

appointing. It has the advantage of a marvelous site, which seems to have been almost completely ignored when the city planners went to work. There is only one vista that I know of deliberately oriented towards Mt. Rainier, for example (on the University Campus), although there may quite possibly be others—Mt. Rainier was obscured by fog while I was there.

Came down to Salt Lake City via the beautiful Columbia River Gorge. The day was ideal; the sun played with the fog so that intermittently there were sharp, dramatic vistas and then Chinese-like landscapes.

I visited the new architectural school at the University of Utah. It is newer than that at Stanford—

this being its second year. They have made an astonishing showing in such a brief time. I put in a plug for the Beaux-Arts, but Mr. Roger Bailey, head of the school, thought his students still too green for such a competition. There is no one at present above the junior level, but judging by the caliber of the work done in their first two years, they could hold their own in any class before very long. Mr. Bailey, as you know, is 15th Paris Prize holder.

And so the seventeenth month draws to an end. It is a sad thought to realize that there is but one month remaining. But with the Midwest and Chicago untouched, there will be plenty to do—so, off for the final fling!

Architectural Mother Goose

By Edwin Bateman Morris

A WHILE AGO while in Philadelphia I stepped aboard, with appropriate genuflections and nostalgic memories, a Paoli Local (which trains leave, in accordance with the stipulations of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, at a quarter of and a quarter after the hour) and travelled smoothly and easily, as

though bound for ordinary mundane territory, into that dreamlike Elysian Fields, reverently known as the Main Line. One of the celestial station-stops in this residential strip is Narbeth. In this locality Karcher and Smith, architects and authentic Philadelphians, have designed and built the Penn-Valley School.

OCTOBER, 1951



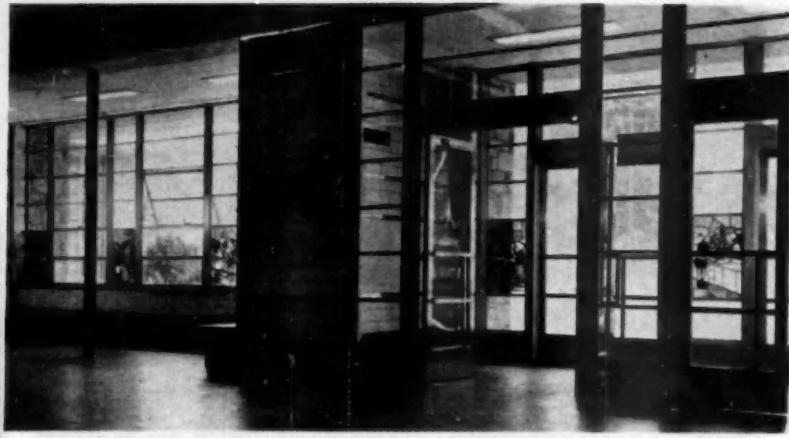
Three men in a tub

Kodachrome by Courtlandt V. D. Hubbard

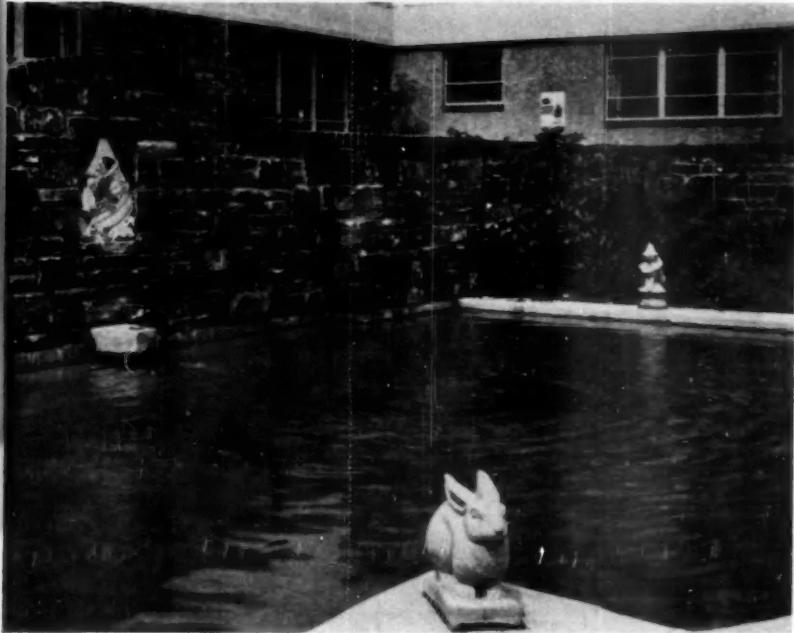
TILE PANEL IN GARDEN OF PENN-VALLEY SCHOOL, NARBETH, PA.

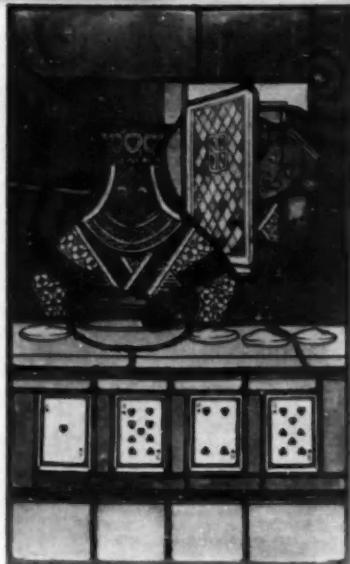
WALTER T. KARCHER AND LIVINGSTON SMITH, ARCHITECTS

Journal
The AIA



PENN-VALLEY SCHOOL AND SOME OF ITS STAINED-GLASS PANELS
BELOW, TILE PANEL ABOVE POOL AND IN WALL AT UPPER RIGHT





The Queen of hearts, making tarts

IN STAINED GLASS

Four and twenty blackbirds

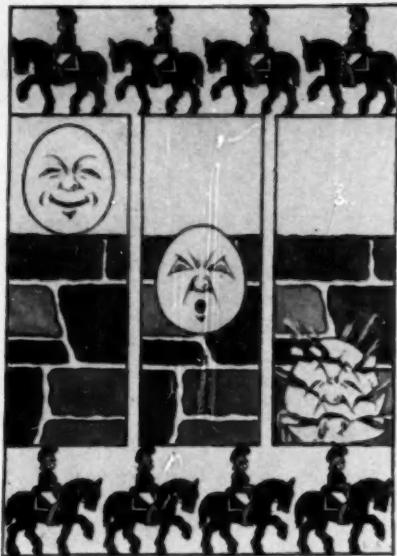


Mary, Mary, quite contrary

Jack Spratt could eat no fat



*Journal
of
The AIA*



Humpty Dumpty had a great fall

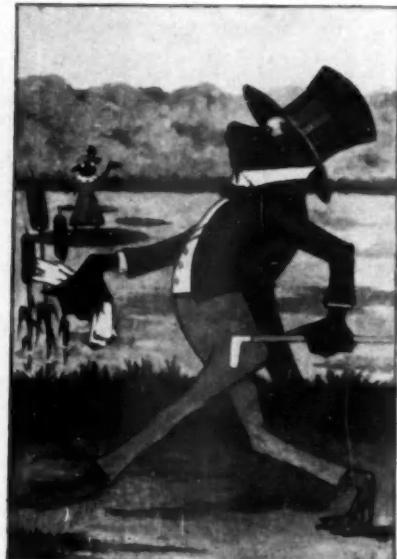
LIVINGSTON SMITH'S ORIGINALS

Barber, barber, shave a pig



The fox and the grapes

A frog he would a-wooing go



Journal
The AIA

There is a strange thing about the architectural philosophy of designing a school. When one designs a church it should, without doubt, look like a church. A bank should look like a bank, a retail store like a retail store. But for a school the philosophy changes to an extent. Consider the dentist. A dentist does not publicize and emphasize his profession by stating that his ministrations hurt as much as possible, in order to make sure you realize he is a dentist. So, in a school, there should be an effort to smooth over that bitter-tasting, eternal Monday-morning aspect.

The confinement feature, generally underlined by long corridors of penitentiary-like glazed block, unbroken by an interesting or arresting detail, tends to lengthen the hopeless eternity of Monday to Friday, to make any alumnus' return to the school something of a turning of knife in wound.

I have long had the feeling that effort should be made to provide touches in schools that would be affectionately remembered. Perhaps these touches might cost more. But mental sanitation is important, equally with bodily sanitation; perhaps more so.

Totally without assistance from me (strangely enough) Walter

Karcher of the Karcher-Smith set-up achieved something of the same idea. He felt that a school, being a training for the mind, should have some architectural touches that would appeal to the mind. He thought, with a certain philosophic accuracy, of pictorial panels placed here and there which would impress themselves upon the youthful memory. In his cogitations upon the matter it was fortunate, perhaps to an extent it was inevitable, that he realized the deep-cut impression upon our thinking and culture of the Mother Goose cycle.

A keenly imaginative person, with an easy-flowing pencil, Livingston Smith of the firm made twenty-eight most appealing paintings upon the various, affectionately remembered themes of this cycle. His gentle and delicate touch resulted in drawings which possess the quaintness and pleasant feeling of the original verses, in which, no matter how ridiculous the situations, the characters remain always dignified and composed.

Due to these panels and other kindred design thinking the Penn-Valley school emerges from austerity and has an emphatic joyfulness, different from the bleakness of another era. I remember in the

old Central High School in Philadelphia, rats in almost full possession of the basement locker rooms; in the shaky upper floors the classes, moving heels with balls of feet fixed, bringing out thundering symphonies from the aged rattling windows, causing the unsurprised professors in charge to remark calmly, "Someone is moving his feet." That dreary era fortunately is gone; and we move along into pleasanter things.

This is not always easy in our present transitional architecture, in which we are earnestly concerned with the over-all. We often design—an excellent step in advance—by means of models, where the tendency is to stand away, perhaps at an actual distance at quarter-inch scale of 200', from which viewpoint only mass, not detail, enters into our concern. Thus we are apt to be absent-minded about things seen close-up.

At any rate, Karcher and Smith felt the need in their school for interest-bearing detail. They wanted architectural touches to be viewed by the young, impressionable mind, to be considered, to be remembered. The long, pleasantly rambling building is thus cordial and friendly. And, distinctly paramount in that effect, are these

panels of which I have spoken, adding interest as do pictures in a book.

The eternal problem of the architect is the exactly appropriate material. After completion of his paintings, Smith carefully looked over the situation; and decided to reproduce half of them in stained glass, half in tile. I do wish to say (without meaning in any way to criticize the wise Providence which has set up our list of permanent and feasible building materials) that this Providence was just a trifle stingy in the matter of building materials for color. Smith, therefore, had no unlimited field, but he did pick tried, unfading and unchanging color materials.

All inspiration, however, has its shrinkage factor. Inspiration of playwright is cramped by actor, of writer by publisher, of composer by those who play instruments. So the architect, working in his stubborn materials, may lose some of the sweetness of his thought. Smith lost something of his in the stained glass because of its transparency, which gave a view of two things, the glass and the scene without.

The tile, in the interests of economy burned in the normal kiln temperature, made a paraphrase of

his own soft colors necessary. I have felt (and Livingston Smith does not fully agree) that the stronger colors decreed by the 2100° heat make good alliance with the rugged ledge-stone exterior wall of which they are a part. It is a matter of opinion; yet I do believe the wall with its bright accent panels is a decorative achievement. And the architect's conception of the panels has an indestructibility that definitely carries the message to Garcia, whatever the medium.

Looking at the walls with these bright color accents, I recognize there a definite modern design manifestation: an ornamentation in color, rather than in just *form*, which is a theorem of the past. We have now technicolor in movies, color in book illustration, color in

television. It would seem that in our long-striding Modernistic architecture, there too color may be the magic touch that will give intense direction and focus to the new architecture.

I have been close to schools, as chairman of the board of trustees of a school, and have thus come to feel the importance of building up, against youth resistance, an affection between child and school. I should like, indeed, to have children in my family attend a school like this one of Karcher and Smith's, which certainly has the intent of building up such an affection. It is a sweet, pleasant building; and the pictorial panels in its distinctive stonework offer something which invites affection.

The Flexible Building

By George Matsumoto

In the August JOURNAL a bouquet was offered to the student publication issued from the North Carolina State College's School of Design. Here is one of the feature articles that reflect the students' thinking.

SINCE THE INTRODUCTION of skeleton steel and ferro-concrete frame structures, architects have rediscovered the curtain wall. No longer is it the prime function of walls to support the floors or

the roof above; all that is asked of them is that they serve as a screen —a screen against the elements, against odors or sound, against light and view, or just a screen to help define space or serve as a back-

ground against which one may place furniture or a picture.

These screens take many forms, ranging from heavy masonry simulating the stability of bearing walls to the other extreme of using enormous areas of ceiling-to-floor glass. This endeavor to express the curtain wall, coupled with the availability of large sheets of glass, seems to encourage enthusiastic and often indiscriminate use of the glass screen. Innovations, such as movable walls and screens, partitions that do not quite touch the ceiling, luxurious use of louvered walls, and other devices helped to create the present "flexible" space that we associate with modern architecture.

With such "flexibility" as a slogan, we have set forth to design our buildings. First, the floor is poured on grade; then, the steel lally or concrete columns are placed; and finally the roof slab covers the structure. All that is necessary then is curtain walls of glass and light-weight partitions to enclose and subdivide the building. When these elements of architecture are reduced to their minimum, a greater amount of study and refinement is necessary. Such space modulations cannot successfully be executed superficially. There must

be changes of materials, changes of roof or floor levels, or a change of scale and of interest, to prevent the building from having the dull sameness everywhere. Unless handled with unusual clarity and sensitivity, as in Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona Pavilion, the space we thus create often seems incomplete, cold and inhuman.

I remember my most recent experience with such a building, a newly completed restaurant which undoubtedly was very thoroughly studied and planned for the utmost convenience. It is a sandwich of glass between two horizontal slabs of roof and floor. Movable partitions divide the dining-room into smaller areas; free-standing storage units help set off the lounge and the bar. But such divisions seem inadequate and one feels little warmth in this building. There is a feeling of being alone in the midst of a broad plain, a feeling of insecurity on being exposed and watched by many hostile eyes. There is no corner, no nook, to which one can retreat with his friends and feel that the party is complete. The rest of the room opens out on one side to the lounge, thence to the bar, the vestibule, and finally out to the sidewalk. The other side is a full-height glass

opening to the terrace. Somehow one feels compelled to speak in hushed tones and be on his very best Sunday behavior. Even when a whole section of the dining-room is reserved for the evening and a banquet is in progress, one cannot entirely forget that there are others just beyond. No party seems large enough. There is only the feeling of empty incompleteness and strange loneliness.

Why can't there be a change in floor or roof levels, a solid wall somewhere to reassure us of the shelter it provides us? And why can't there be an intimate division to help re-establish the human scale or some area where one knows that he belongs instead of being an exhibition piece in the middle of one big unhappy space?

Admittedly, there is much to be said for flexible space, but one cannot help wondering how truly flexible this space is. It is true that the houses we build today, in the very latest trend, may have a multi-purpose room, or a dining-room or a study that opens to the living-room. In some instances, a corner of the living-room or the study can be converted into a spare bedroom. Yet, if adaptability is one of the requisites of flexible space, I question whether the mod-

ern house is as flexible as the Cape Cod or the Georgian houses it is attempting to replace. Here in the South, I am constantly amazed to see houses 150 or more years old which still seem to function well, complete with up-to-date heating, plumbing, electrical, and even air-conditioning facilities. Though it may be true that we are not building houses with the intention that they will serve the family for such a long period of time, it is also apparent that the ever-increasing spiral of scientific research and production has moved with geometric progression, until today the period before the obsolescence of any new development is very short. In rare instances, such as in the design of an airplane, the commodity is already technically obsolete even before it has come off the production line.

With the scientific and industrial potential that we have, it is a certainty that within our generation, air-conditioning in the South will be a common convenience just as scientifically designed heating systems are without question incorporated into our buildings today. Yet, little or no provisions are made for air-conditioning. Many of the houses built today on concrete slabs will

find it impossible to take advantage of such units unless they are now heated with warm air and already have duct work in them or major alterations of furring ceilings are done. However, it will be no problem for the Colonial houses. This fact is due mostly to their deep basements and the high attic spaces which modern architects are too keen to eliminate. It is paradoxical to find a new automatic washer in the laundry room (converted from a butler's pantry) in an old Colonial mansion, and none in the modern house that a fellow architect built for himself some nine years ago. It is impossible in the latter case to install the washer without first tearing up the concrete slab floor to accommodate the necessary hot-water line and drain pipe. How many more similar conveniences must we do without in our so-called "flexible" house when science promises inventions to come in ever-increasing numbers?

During the past fifty years, we have seen tremendous changes; the major ones have been in the sources of power. We now use oil instead

of coal to heat our buildings and electricity instead of gas to light them. The houses of the past have been able to make the adjustments and continue adequately to serve their occupants. Additional and new plumbing fixtures have constantly rehabilitated them. Other improvements and changes are yet to come. We talk of the possibility of one power source to heat, cool, light, and operate our buildings—it may be solar energy or it may be atomic energy. They are both within our grasp. With the speed with which scientific research and progress move, it will not be long before they become practical and economical for everyday use. Why are not buildings "flexible" enough to take advantage of some of these conveniences that we anticipate? The modern architects have been conspicuously lax in their consideration of a basic type of change in building. Blinded by the cold clarity of the present, they have too often brazenly ignored the future. It is time we stopped fooling ourselves about "flexible" space and started some serious thinking and work toward that end.



OCTOBER, 1951

Design for Living

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By Joseph Hudnut

PROFESSOR IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

An address before the 83rd Convention, A.I.A., in Chicago,
May 11, 1951

In the September JOURNAL Dean Hudnut discussed the present acceptance of a new conception of beauty in buildings—"a beauty not unlike that of a mathematical theorem held in the mind or of a fugue not yet translated into sensuous sound," as contrasted with the former idea that an end in architecture was "a unification and harmony of sensuous elements . . . How shall we determine the relative validity of these two kinds of dignity—to each of which we give the name beauty?"

I SHALL NOT ATTEMPT to resolve a dilemma which has occupied so many brave and subtle minds; but I protest that the general opinion and habit of our era cannot be the final judge; and even if, as we are taught by our present practice, the final judge should prove to be necessity, it may be that there are necessities more urgent than that which sanctions functional truth. I should like, therefore, to speak of form as such a necessity: of form as an essential

quality in that *design for living*—the design for living which we call civilization—which, in the midst of a nature having no knowledgeable design, men have built for themselves across centuries of experience, and to speak of form as a means which renders architecture harmonious to that design. For form, no less than structural integrity, is a concept which lies beyond the boundaries of art and, like structural integrity, unites architecture to the general currents of human life.

We have sought out many devices by which we might overcome the conditions of our animal life. We struggle against a nature to which we have never become acclimated, against cold, disease and accident; against the eccentricities of our desires and emotions; against the contentions of death and life. Yet against none of these is our warfare so fierce, so long continued, or so precarious as that which we wage against the whirling confusions and inconsistencies of

our knowledge. The world, as it comes to us through our seven senses and through the twenty additional senses with which science has provided us, is a vast and arduous disorder, a tumult of light and darkness, of good and evil, of laughter and despair. It presses upon us, void of direction or meaning; tortures us, its weight too heavy to be endured. And therefore we have built within its ever-changing tangle a world of our own, congenial to our desires and resting not, like science, upon observation and experiment but upon our intuitions.

At the center of this shining structure of idea and faith lies the concept of human dignity and worthiness. Holding it together is the knowledge, continuously dissolved by science, that there is a spirit in man; that this spirit invites him to a majestic and eternal drama enacted beyond the boundaries of the material world; so that, whatever may be the transient and fragmentary nature of his life, he is yet ennobled by that participation. Beneath our perplexities and anxieties we thus recognize a mystery having outlines which, if not accessible to us, may yet be repeated in the innumerable patterns of our thought and conduct.

Such patterns, taken together, form a design for living. They are the figures of a dance; rituals of observances and valuations—Inherited, dissolved and constantly reformed; each a harmony of conduct, purpose and idea. There are rituals of social intercourse, of politics, of religion, of commerce, of education and of war, each of which, in a way peculiar to itself, reaffirms, in the usages and relationships of daily life, the general form of the design as a whole and repeats its mystery. These are not merely etiquette or expediency; they are elements in a moving progression and pageantry, essential to each other and to the whole. They confirm, by experiences of design, our faith in design. Without them there could be neither social order nor survival.

The arts exist to clarify and intensify these rituals of life; to give them significance and formal beauty; to seize upon and bring out that which in each is universal. The arts say to us, each in its own language: "This process of courtesy and convention which you follow in your drawing-room, these nice customs and uncodified obligations of education, sports, entertainment and travel, these stately formulae of procedure in govern-

ment and in your courts of law, this sonorous parade which in cathedrals surrounds and exalts your prayers and your thanksgivings—these orderings of experience, each an element in a pattern of civilization, are transfigured by our ministry. From us they receive a beauty which confirms their origin in the spirit of man, a voicing of inward meanings which reassures and fortifies that spirit in its eternal struggle with the corruptions of the world.

Form in architecture is such an affirmation pronounced in the language of space and steel. Form is not an academic concept imposed upon buildings in the name of scholarship or of taste. Form is a means by which buildings enter into the rituals of human thought and intercourse and, through that participation, enter also into the majestic design of which these are elements. Form in architecture, a harmonious ordering of inter-play and unfoldment, is one of the ways by which inter-play and unfoldment are made evident in that design; and that harmony, in turn, gives architecture its dignity and radiance.

Form in the Gothic cathedral was the avenue through which architecture participated in medieval

life—participated, not as servant, but as priest—and it was through form that the essence of Christianity entered into and exalted the cathedral. I think that the houses built in Colonial times along the James River participated in the life of that beautiful society: their prim symmetry, careful ornament and studied reticence helped to establish and continue its aristocratic content. I think that the formlessness of Stuyvesant Town will not assist those who must live in the shadows of its grim standardizations to persevere in their intuitions of human destiny.

In its supreme achievements it is form which lifts architecture—as it lifts all of the arts of expression—out of these, its more parochial roles, into a sphere in which it becomes itself a design for living. A symphony by Brahms, a garden by LeNotre, a tragedy by Shakespeare: these are majestic patterns of sound, of vista or of imagery, which raise around us new worlds, each a fulfillment of that harmony, completeness and grandeur which is our deepest and ever-present need. We walk in these ethereal halls as a king might walk in his palace, indwelling and sovereign; nor are we vexed to learn that the artist, in order to

attain his end, has allowed us to forget whatever circumstances are irrelevant to his purpose.

It is not my intention in thus appearing as an advocate of form to question the essential validity of the doctrine of structural integrity. I question, rather, that arbitrary authority over architecture to which this doctrine sometimes pretends. A mode of design which rests, not upon a philosophy of form—or even upon esthetic experience—but wholly upon a habit of understanding and of vision peculiar to our time, could not arrive at that universality which is the supreme affirmation of architecture. We ought to maintain that rationality of practice which, like a cold regenerating wind, has stripped our buildings of their romantic excesses; but we ought to give that practice warmth and humanity by channeling it within that wider tradition.

Architecture is not a function of steel or stone. Architecture does not rationalize life. The important purpose of architecture is in every era to assist man towards the realization of his complete self—including his faith, his joy, and his fantasies.

We are too resolute to affirm the

dearth of scholarship and the death of the academy, too absolute also in the renunciation of our hearts. A confession of mystery in our churches, of grandeur in the United Nations, would not be unbecoming even to concrete and steel; nor would a touch of romance be wholly inconsistent to houses intended as the *mise-en-scènes* of love. For my part, I should think it no fraudulent perversion of truth if, in the interest of public morality, the exhibitionisms of recent skyscrapers and apartment houses should be restrained under some mild Hollywoodish pruderies of make-up or millinery. And if an architect, appointed by History to be curator of a hundred treasures, should build a splinter of Athens in the façade of his university, I could forgive him even that impertinent irony.

Science and art confront each other in architecture as they confront each other in life, unlike in essence and conventions, divided by uncertain boundaries, free of a common relevance. Science and art have had in our day little experience of each other. They possess few precedents whereby each could be harmonized to the

autonomy and function of the other. In that sense, architecture is a stage upon which is rehearsed the most fateful antagonism of our times. It may be that we shall soon have to declare our allegiance.

Nevertheless, science and art have need of each other and both are essential to the survival of our civilization: essential also to the survival of architecture. They must seek out a mode of conciliation. In architecture such a mode is form. Form does not require the negation of functional shape or of rational order but only the submission of these to the authority of that nobler artistry which, above the earthen air of our necessities, creates for architecture and for men the design by which they live.

I should like now to return to that ship which so many years ago filled with delight the classical heart of Horatio Greenough. This ship was indeed shaped by functional requirements: the prow pointed to divide the water, the sails spread out to capture the wind, the timbers stoutly framed to resist the siege of the sea. These

were invitations to the rational mind, which rightly found in them the satisfactions which bathed with beauty prow and sail and timbered hull.

Nevertheless there was beauty in the ship which was not compounded of these, nor were the gifts which these offered to the intelligence prohibitive of gifts which the heart might seize upon and enjoy. The anonymous art of shipbuilding, long practised, had transfigured the useful structure of the ship with the glory of form—with subtle modellings of the hull, careful progressions of the arched sails, delicate latticings of riggings, masts and spars—and nature, always ready to conspire with art, had set all of these dancing in the beauty-giving arms of the eager wind. And the ship—intricate mechanism and skilfully planned shelter, spiritual form and sensuous ecstasy borrowed from the wind and sky—was freighted also with the beauty of human feeling and imaginings: of enterprise and faith and loneliness on illimitable seas, of adventure in distant ports visited and remembered, and of homecoming promised in her gallant heart.



JOURNAL OF THE A. I. A.

Honors

ROBERT MOSES, Head of the New York City Planning Commission and holder of numerous academic degrees, has been elected an Honorary Associate Member of the New York Chapter, A.I.A.

THOMAS MOTT SHAW, F.A.I.A., of Boston, of the firm of Perry, Shaw & Hepburn, Kehoe and Dean, has been honored by Brown University with the degree Doctor of Fine Arts. Citation:

"At the height and summit of your powers you were called to design more buildings for Brown than any previous architect in its 187 years. Learned in historical forms, fertile in imagination, practical in conception, dependable in taste, hospitable to lay suggestions,

and patient without limit, the fruits of your labors will long remain to benefit a succession of students and to adorn the expanded University's campus."

JUAN FELIPE NAKPIL, who is a member of the Philippine Institute of Architects and also of The A.I.A., has been given the Gold Medal of Merit and a Certificate of Award for 1950 by the Philippine body, "for the most distinguished service to the profession of architecture, by his untiring efforts and accomplishments in the passage of the architects' law . . . for meritorious service to the Institute . . . for outstanding and meritorious works in the practice of the profession."

They Say:

Charles D. Maginnis, F.A.I.A.

(In "A Glimpse at Religious Architecture" Empire State Architect, May-June, 1951)

No DOUBT eclecticism has given us a surfeit of old sentiments. But if we now rejoice over a developing independence, the choice need not lie henceforth between an architecture of excessive imagery and one that has none at all.

The obvious weakness of modern design is a monotonous secularity which is embarrassed by the challenge of the church. One is appalled at the poverty of the expedients being resorted to in the effort to achieve the ecclesiastical implication. The contemporary architect appears to be content in the single persuasion that the cross

is the final and triumphant symbol of Christianity. One trembles to think what kind of resource he would have left to him if it weren't. As it is, all he needs to do is to plant its proclamation against a chimney or a ventilating shaft.

Jacques Lipchitz

(Quoted by Philip C. Johnson during a symposium at the Museum of Modern Art, March 19, 1951.)

A building is not architecture unless it has sculpture on it; it is merely a building. The art of architecture has to have sculpture in order to be the art of architecture.

Lewis Mumford

(In "The Sky Line," The New Yorker, Sept. 15, 1951.)

What we have, then (in the U.N. Secretariat Building), is not a building expressive of the purposes of the United Nations but an extremely fragile, esthetic achievement, whose main lines conform to the ideals of a boom period of shaky finance and large-scale speculation. This sort of modernism goes only skin deep. As a conscious symbol, the Secretariat adds up to zero; as an unconscious one, it is a negative quantity, since it symbolizes the worst practices of New York, not the best hopes of

the United Nations. The inside of the package does not even live up to the elegant wrappings. On that matter I shall presently have more to say.

Joseph Hudnut

(In "The New Housing: An Architect's Lament," published in Tomorrow, April 1950)

IT WAS IN THE PROVINCE OF GEORGIA that the housing project—a term which implies the construction of many dwellings on a common site and by a common authority—was first informed with that consciousness of social participation and purpose which is its present glory. The many-storyed constructions of the Pueblo Indians and the tubular multi-family houses built by the Iroquois were, to be sure, precedent to the building of Savannah, but these were, so far as we know, untouched by that crusading spirit which discriminated the philanthropic soul of Governor Oglethorpe and which is the essential ferment in the housing projects of our day. Confident in the ability of men from the lower-income group, unable to pay their debts in England, to cope successfully with the inclemencies of pioneer life in America—not to mention the aggressive competition of France and Spain—and zealous

to maintain among them that equality of economic status which they had so happily attained, the Governor provided for each settler an allotment of house and land so rigorously standardized by sociological doctrine and control as to form the almost perfect idealization of the houser's art. These allotments, moreover, were made in a city plan which embraced urban amenities and the higher moralities of country life in a balance equally absolute and cellular—a principle which did not receive adequate recognition until, centuries later, it reappeared in the Broadacre City of Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright.

Charles Luckman

(In an address before the Producers' Council, May, 1951, Chicago, Ill.)

I chose as my subject, "The Client's Point of View" because I

have had the opportunity of *buying* buildings, of every type, from coast to coast—and in the widely divergent eras of depression, post-depression, pre-war, wartime and post-war. From this reservoir of personal experience comes a positive conviction that when a client builds—be it a house or a hospital—he wants four things:

First, the cost to be within his own predetermined budget; or to be within the estimate submitted by the architect.

Second, the plan to meet his requirements in the most efficient manner.

Third, the building, when completed, to have some artistic merit.

Fourth, the designing and building to be done in a manner which will protect him against his own inexperience.

This is what the client wants, but—in all except isolated instances—it is not what he gets.

Books & Bulletins

TOWARD NEW TOWNS FOR AMERICA. By Clarence S. Stein. 246 pp. $7\frac{1}{4}$ " x $9\frac{3}{4}$ ". Liverpool: 1951: University Press of Liverpool. American agent, Public Administration Service, Chicago, Ill. \$5.

Any student of urban planning who fails to avail himself of Clarence Stein's experience and thinking is badly handicapped. Stein's work in Sunnyside Gardens; Radburn; Chatham Village, Pittsburgh; Phipps Garden Apartments; Hill-

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side Homes; and the greenbelt experiments, deals with the main stem of our American growth in urbanism. There is a sympathetic introduction by Lewis Mumford, who closes his pages with: "Let the planners of the coming generation ponder this testament." The JOURNAL is proud of the privilege of having printed in its May issue the concluding chapter before the publication of this book.

WASHINGTON PRESENT AND FUTURE. Monograph No. 1 by National Capital Park and Planning Commission. 48 pp. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Washington: 1950: U. S. Government Printing Office. \$1.50.

As befits its subject, the national capital, the series of six volumes representing the report of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission on the comprehensive plan for the national capital and its environs is certainly the most elaborate set of findings brought together for any city in the country, if not the world. As long ago as August 2, 1946, Congress passed the District of Columbia Redevelopment Act, with the idea of bringing the plan of the nation's capital to the high standard indicated by our contemporary observation and study. The publication of the report has been delayed by emergency priorities, but it will be found to have anticipated the desirability of decentralizing the capital for military and other reasons. With the growth of Wash-

ington and our developing knowledge of urbanism, it is clear that our plan of this area must be regional rather than restricted to the old District of Columbia boundaries, and that parts of Maryland and Virginia are already welded into the capital area.

In addition to Monograph No. 1, the foundation of the report, bound in boards, with large maps in color, there are five supplementary monographs, bound in heavy paper, each bearing its own subject title and individual sales price as charged by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.:

PEOPLE & LAND, Monograph No. 2. 72 pp. 40¢.

HOUSING AND REDEVELOPMENT, Monograph No. 3. 40 pp. 25¢.

OPEN SPACES AND COMMUNITY SERVICES, Monograph No. 4. 60 pp. 35¢.

MOVING PEOPLE AND GOODS, Monograph No. 5. 38 pp. 25¢.

REGIONAL ASPECTS OF THE COMPREHENSIVE PLAN, Monograph No. 6. 48 pp. 30¢.

RICHARD NEUTRA. By W. Boesiger. 240 pp. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 9". Zurich: 1951: Verlag Girsberger. American agent, J. H. Jansen. Cleveland, Ohio. \$12.50.

A well illustrated assembly of Richard Neutra's works, both projected and built, with explanatory text of each in English, French and German.



Calendar

October 4-6: California Council of Architects Annual Convention and Sierra Nevada Regional Conference, Hotel del Coronado, Coronado, Calif.

October 9: Reception by R.I.B.A. for visiting architects and students, 66 Portland Place, London.

October 9-12: 18th Annual Meeting of National Association of Housing Officials, Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C.

October 17-19: Annual Convention of the Architects Society of Ohio, Hotel Deshler, Columbus, Ohio.

October 17-20: Great Lakes District Seminar, Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, in conjunction with convention of the Architects Society of Ohio.

October 18-20: Central States District Conference, Tulsa, Okla.

October 24-26: 12th Annual Convention, Texas Society of Ar-

chitects, with seminar on the subject of Mechanical Equipment of Buildings, Menger Hotel, San Antonio, Tex.

October 26-27: Gulf States Regional Meeting and Seminar, Memphis, Tenn.

November 1-2: Ninth Ann Arbor Conference, College of Architecture and Design, University of Michigan. The topic this year, "Changing Community Patterns as a Result of Industrial Relocation."

November 14-28: Building Exhibition, Olympia, London. For further details address the Managing Director, 4 Vernon Place, London, W. C. 1.

November 27-28: Symposium on Laboratory Design for Handling Radioactive Materials, sponsored by The A.I.A. and the Atomic Energy Commission, National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D. C.



Architects Read and Write

Letters from readers—discussion, argumentative, corrective, even vituperative



ARCHITECT'S EARNINGS

By C. GODFREY POGGI, Elizabeth, N. J.

THE 1950 SURVEY of the Architectural Profession is something really worth while, and its worthy authors deserve to be

highly commended. It certainly throws the spotlight in the right places.

In the report on the annual in-

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comes of architects in 1949, however, I am inclined to question the accuracy of the tables shown on page 10 therein. In the first place the idea of selecting any one year as a gauge seems to me to be the wrong way to go about it. For my own part, I never assume that my income in any one year presents a true picture; therefore, to ascertain my annual income, I take the total income for a period of five years and divide it by five. By adopting this method over a long-range period, it has automatically presented to me what I believe to be the truest picture obtainable. I am then not fooling myself nor anyone else.

The said table covering 1949 indicates a net income of only \$14,000 at best, and the "run of mine" a maximum of \$8,000. If this is true, we architects are doing our families a grave injustice by continuing in this profession. The average mechanic at \$3 per hour,

working but 200 days in the year, reaps \$4,800 to \$5,000 per year and, plus overtime, sometimes \$6,000 to \$8,000.

Due to the slavery that the men in the trades are now heir to, I do not recommend that architects, not doing so well financially, close up and enter the trades, but I can name many worthy avocations that top the incomes of architects in the higher income brackets, where the amount of work and worry, and the responsibility of position are much less than in the practice of architecture.

I am finding no fault with the said survey, but if the table on page 10 thereof is a really true picture, it would seem to me that many of the lesser lights in the profession had better give up "art for art's sake" and take up a calling that will give their families a break.

This may all sound very materialistic but after all the fact remains.

ARCHITECTS SHOULD SIGN ALL PUBLIC BUILDINGS

By DONALD G. TARPLEY, Darien, Conn.

A SHORT TIME AGO, an article appeared in the *New York Times* commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the completion of the New York Public Library building. It contained an impressive list of names of those whose combined efforts made this possible. There was no mention of the architects who spent years of creative effort, making studies,

models and full-size details by the yard. Of course, the information is there at the library for anyone interested enough to inquire, but it is surprising how little the American public knows or cares about the architects who create their public buildings. Is it just a matter of indifference, or are the architects themselves partly responsible?

Ask any person who is not an architect, and whom you consider generally well informed, to name four American architects, living or dead and identify them with buildings they have designed. The average college student would probably start off with Frank Lloyd Wright and Stanford White and hesitate. Yet I presume, that same person would have no trouble naming four American authors, actors, painters, sculptors or musicians and identifying what they have produced. The obvious answer is that the author's name appears on every book that is published and paintings and all other works of art are signed, but if you wish to find out who designed a certain building, you usually have to ask some other architect to tell you, and often he is not too sure.

Like most other architects, I frequently stop to examine buildings along the way, if there is something about their design that appeals to me. It may be a church, a school or some type of public building. I am often curious to learn who the architect is, but no one ever seems to know.

The other day, I stopped at Montpelier, Vermont and climbed the long flight of stone steps leading up to the stately old capitol. Its massive granite columns seemed particularly appropriate for the state of Vermont, but what impressed me mostly was a bronze tablet under the portico at the left of the entrance. It was twenty-five inches high and thirty-six

inches long, and the inscription read as follows;

"This tablet is erected by the people of Vermont in appreciation of the architect of this building:

AMMI B. YOUNG

Born in Lebanon, N. H. June
19, 1798

Died in Washington, D. C.
March 13, 1874"

It did seem odd to discover a public tribute to an architect in the form of a bronze tablet. I thought how nice it was and wondered if such things as this could happen only in Vermont.

I think the public is entitled to know the names of the architects of all public buildings hereafter erected, and the responsibility should be assumed by the architect. If The A.I.A. should initiate such a procedure and recommend the size and general location of the inscription, the standard would be set for all architects to follow. The basic idea is to include all buildings of a public nature, such as federal and civic buildings, libraries, hospitals and even banks. I also think that some effort should be made to identify the more important buildings of the past with the names of the architects for the benefit of future architectural historians. There are many illustrious names important to the development of architecture in this country, and I believe it is the obligation of The American Institute of Architects to see that these names are never forgotten.

The Editor's Asides

WHEN THE LATE HENRY FORD took Independence Hall as the pattern for the museum he built at Dearborn, the enlarged scale of the familiar prototype stunned—and continues to stun—visitors with architectural training. Another essay in blown-up scale is the brick wall now being built to enclose the company's test track in Dearborn. This wall, 8' high and 7100' long, follows the pattern of Jefferson's serpentine wall on the University of Virginia's campus—4" thick and self-bracing by its alternate curves of 6' radius.

HHFA HAS DUG UP some figures about the dwellings we are building. A few of the facts revealed are in accord with what we see around us; other facts are surprising. Almost any observer would have said that we are building more one-story houses than ever; as a matter of fact almost nine-tenths of the single-family detached houses built during the first half of 1950 were one story high. About two-thirds of all that we built had no basements; only in the Northeast, North Central and Midwest States does the basement still prevail. Here is the jolt,

however: About half of these new houses had just *four* rooms, not counting bath. Practically all the other houses had five rooms or six, the five-room houses substantially outnumbering the six-room houses. Ten years before, less than a quarter of the new houses were of four rooms, while the five-room house accounted for nearly half the total.

The average 1950-built house had 980 sq. ft. of floor space; in 1940, this figure was over 1,100 sq. ft. We seem to be approaching very rapidly the Packing-Box Era.

Coal as the heating fuel seems to have taken a precipitous drop in the decade. In 1940, 38% used coal or wood, about 50% used gas and 13% used oil. In 1950, less than 5% used coal, nearly 60% used gas, and about 30% used oil. Electricity for heating has a record of just 1% of the total, but in the Southeast (not including Florida) 8% of the single detached houses were thus heated—a reflection of mild climate and low rates.

THERE ARE SAID TO BE less than 70 carillons on the whole North American continent. Recently dedicated is a new 25-bell carillon from Petit & Fritsen's bell foundry

in Holland, and it is the first one to be located in Boston. No church will have the credit of its introduction, however, as it is being installed in the top of a commercial institution for the supply of ecclesiastical supplies and equipment.

APPARENTLY, not all the blame for lush nomenclature of colors can be laid on the present generation of stylists. John J. Klaber of Huntington, L. I., reading these Asides in the March JOURNAL, sends us a yellowed clipping from the *New York Times* of February 4, 1923, which tells of the National Women's Garment Exposition in Chicago and its threat of one-piece suits in honey dew, tangerine, orchid and cocoa.

INFORMAL REPORTS are reaching us to the effect that the Frank Lloyd Wright Exhibition is rather disappointing in its Strozzi Palace setting in Florence. In Philadelphia the broad Gimbel store floor permitted an unbroken flow of interest in a well designed sequence. The rooms of a palace necessitated cutting the exhibit into blocks of arbitrary size—and the continuity was gone. Then, too, the Gimbel loft itself certainly offered no dis-

tractions, while the Strozzi's Renaissance ceilings had something to tempt the eye on their own account. Even so, all would not have been lost if the explanatory labels had not been located five inches above the floor. Even the visitor without bifocals soon gave up stooping to read them, and consequently lost much.

SPEAKING OF MR. WRIGHT, his helical museum idea appears in a remodeled (1932) entrance to the Vatican Galleries. One now ascends by elevator and descends by ramp, circling round and round while viewing the coat-of-arms and uniformly lettered names of the succession of Popes. Rather easier to comprehend than non-objective paintings.

TO THOSE INTERESTED in the itinerary of the Eliel Saarinen Memorial Exhibition, particularly in the possibility of arranging for additional showings, it is suggested that time may be saved by communicating with Mrs. John A. Pope, The American Federation of Arts, 1262 New Hampshire Ave., Washington, D. C. The Saarinen office has deputized the Federation to handle all matters of scheduling and shipment.



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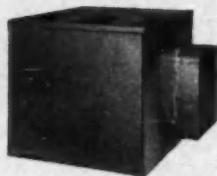
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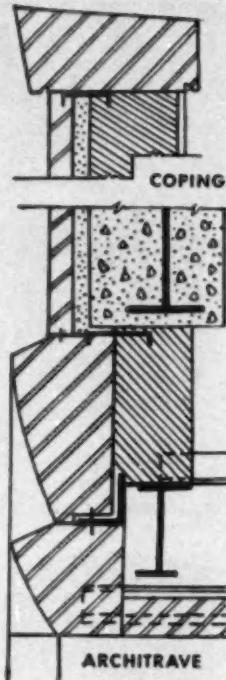
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CONDENSED SPECIFICATIONS

Foundation Walls

— poured under exterior walls, interior foundation walls of block.

First Floor Framing

— precast concrete joists with 2½-in. slab, reinforced with steeltex, monolithic finish. Certain floors are slabs on gravel fill, reinforced, waterproofed, and provided with pipe trenches around perimeter.

Exterior Walls

— 4-in. brick, 2-in. cavity, 8-in. block, painted or plastered and painted.

Acoustical Tile

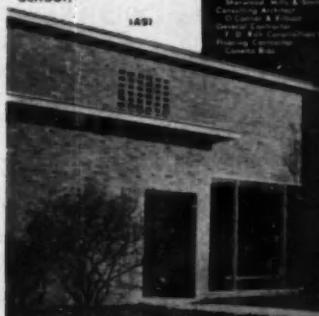
— perforated fiber board, prefinished where noted.

Floor Finishes

— rubber tile, linoleum and asphalt tile.

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1491



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